But he that hath the steerage of my course
Directs my saile, on lustie Gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet *with the Ladies.*

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp, (come,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah sirra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cosen *Capulet:*
For you and I are past our standing dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

Cos: By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at least.

Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio,*
Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

Cos: Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.

Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be so,
His sonne was but a Ward three yeares ague,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.

Rom: What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes showes.

The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now? Forsweare it sight,
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.

Tib: This by his voice should be a *Mountague,*
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To scorne and ieere at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

Ca: Why how now Cosen, wherfore storme you so.

Ti: Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in spight,
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

Ca: Young *Romeo,* is it not?

Ti: It is that villaine *Romeo.* (man,

Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-
And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my house doo him disparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,
Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.

Ti: It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
Ile not indure him.

Ca: He shalbe indured, goe to I say, he shall,
Am I the Master of the house or you?
You'le not indure him? God shall mend my soule
You'le make a mutenie amongst my guests,
You'le set Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.

Ti: Vncle tis a shame.